

DOG FIGHT

he draws up against my rear bumper in the fast lane, I can see his head in the rear view mirror, his eyes are blue and he sucks upon a dead cigar.

I pull over. he passes, then slows. I don't like this.

I pull back into the fast lane, engage myself upon his rear bumper. we are as a team passing through Compton.

I turn the radio on and light a cigarette.

he ups it 5 mph, I do likewise. we are as a team entering Inglewood.

he pulls out of the fast lane and I drive past.

then I slow. when I check the rear view he is upon my bumper again.

he has almost made me miss my turnoff at Century.

I hit the blinker and fire across 3 lanes of traffic, just make the off-ramp ...

blazing past the front of an inflammable tanker.

blue eyes comes down from behind the tanker and we veer down the ramp in separate lanes to the signal and we sit there side by side, not looking at each other.

I am caught behind an empty school bus as he idles behind a Mercedes.

the signal switches and he is gone. I cut to the inner lane behind him, then I see that the parking lane is open and I flash by inside of him and the Mercedes, turn up the radio, make the green as the Mercedes and blue eyes run the yellow into the red. they make it as I power it and switch back ahead of them in their lane in order to miss a parked vegetable truck.

now we are running 1-2-3, not a cop in sight, we are moving through a 1980 California July

we are driving with skillful nonchalance

we are moving in perfect anger

we are as a team

approaching LAX:

1-2-3

2-3-1

3-2-1.

Opas P. B. B.